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STAR

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No. 115.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINDE.

A slender branch of dark-brown hair,
Each gleaming thread dearer than gold,
Worth more to me than wealth untold;
Its glossy sheen unblanched by care,
Tis with a faded ribbon tied,
'Twas cut for me the day she went
From me; by sternest duty sent
To walk in paths—unknown—untried.
We stood in silence side by side;
Each loving heart by sorrow stirred,
Too full to breathe a cheering word,
For hope with us had well-nigh died.
She gave me then this web of hair;
It has lain upon my heart each night,
This mem'r of my love, so bright—
So pure, so tender, and so fair.
Oh! how I mourned and missed her love!
And each bright day, to me, was night,
And in her life there seemed a blight
As sad as earth with clouds above.
This lock of hair I treasured dear,
As onward passed each fading day,
And brought to me no cheering ray
Of joy, to light my life so drear.
I kissed and worshipped it instead
Of her, when she was far away,
And as it on my true heart lay—
My starving love upon it fed.
But now, thank God, that time is past,
And she—the loved one—has returned,
And blessed the love that for her yearned,
Yet waited—faithful—to the last.

Without Mercy: THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT OF THE WORLD,"
"LAURA'S PARLOR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

RUPERT GASPARD.

It was the evening of the fourth day after Hester Corwin had been notified of the coming of Tracy Cuthbert, when the steamer, Lady Franklin, bound from New Orleans to Memphis, landed in the bend immediately in front of Holcombe Hall, and discharged a single passenger.

The three shrill whistles, which on the western rivers always signalize a landing, and the clanging of the great bell on the hurricane-deck, which followed, had called old Harold Holcombe to the river edge, and when the dark, handsome stranger leaped on the artificial bank, which guarded the plantation from overflow, he extended his hand to him and said:

"You are Tracy Cuthbert; I am your uncle Harold."

The stranger paused, and half-withdrew his extended hand.

"No, Mr. Holcombe, I am not your nephew."

"Not my nephew—not Tracy—"

"Then who are you?" coloring scarlet.

"Rupert Gaspard," with a bow, "the heir of Holcombe Hall."

"Indeed!" replied Harold, with some embarrassment. "This is an unexpected pleasure. You must pardon me for my abruptness, Senor Gaspard, but I am expecting a relative from England, and naturally I thought you were he."

"No need of apologies," said Rupert, smiling; "I have grown tired of foreign travel, and so I thought I would come back and stop a few months at the old Hall again."

"You are welcome, señor; very glad indeed to have your society, and I trust you will not find the place so dull."

Rupert thanked him gracefully, and the old man said, glancing at the big trunk which the porter of the Lady Franklin had deposited at the water's edge:

"I will send one of the boys after your baggage, and have it brought to your room."

"Thank you!"

The two men turned up the brambly, overgrown path, and Rupert, whose quick eye wandered everywhere, remarked:

"The place has not changed much, Mr. Holcombe. I see you are not *en rapport* with the spirit of this inventive age."

The sight that followed this declaration seemed to belie his words; but, though Rupert noticed this, he made no mention of it, and they entered the Hall in silence.

Hester Corwin had seen, from her chamber window, the Lady Franklin land—had seen Rupert leap ashore, and when she had seen him approach the house, in company with her uncle, she—believing him of course to be Tracy—turned away to arrange her hair and prepare for the meeting that she expected must follow.

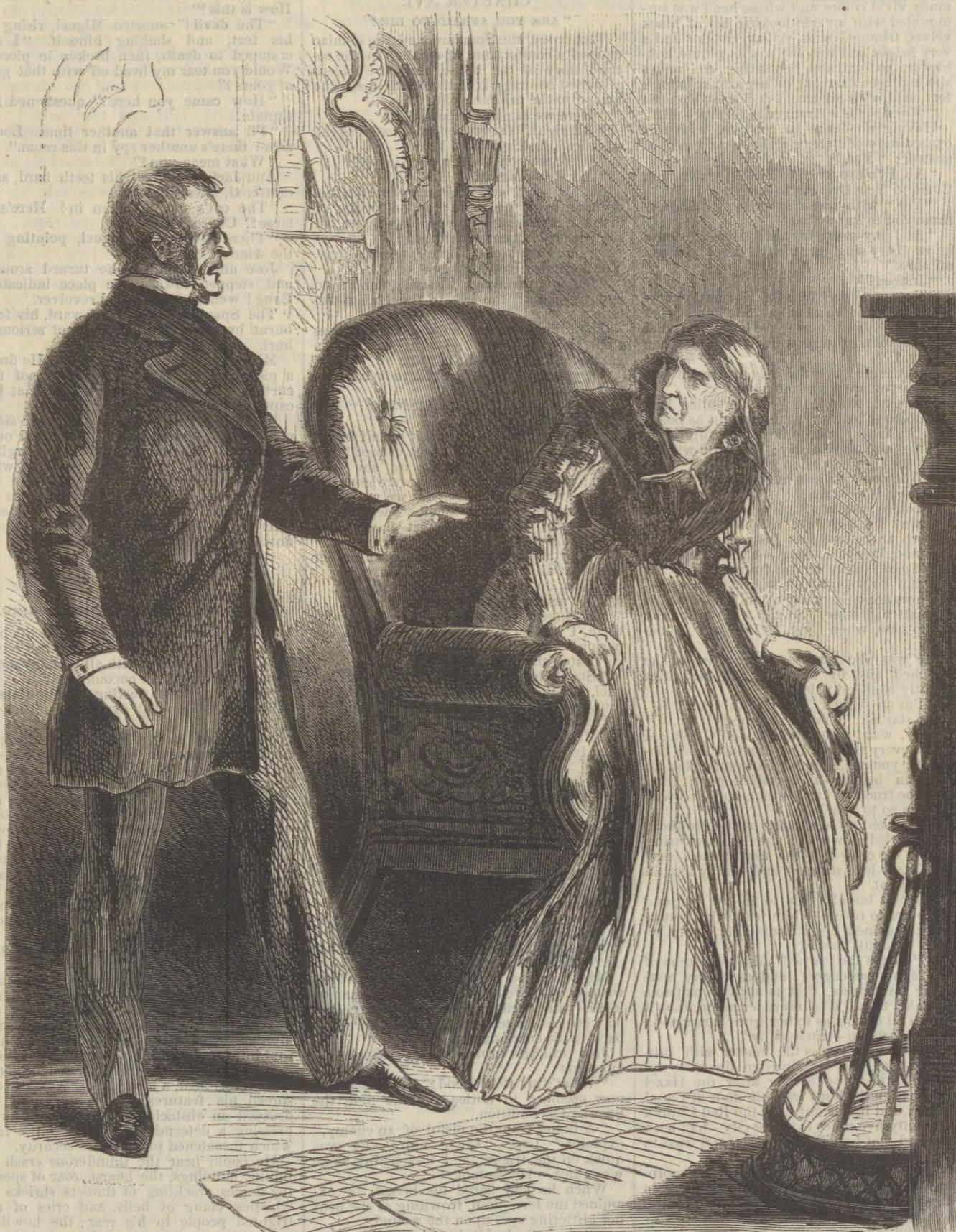
She smoothed back her shining braids, that inclined to ripple over her breast and shoulders; tied a band of blue ribbon at her white throat, and then eyed herself critically in the big mirror.

She was not satisfied with the reflection, although she was positively beautiful in her simple attire, and so she unloosed her hair, untied the blue ribbon, and set about rearranging both.

"Missa Hestah," said Bede, one of the slave girls, putting her head in at the door, "Missa wants to see ye down-stairs, right way."

"I'm going now," replied Hester, all in a flutter of excitement. "But, Bede, stop a

"You here, Margaret Moulton—you here!"



tapers for this grave, and a wreath or two; and here, take this half-dollar."

"Dar's no use puttin' roses dar if dat ghost won't let 'em stay," remarked Bede, fondling the money as if it could not by any possibility be earned by him.

"Never mind the ghost; do what I tell you."

Bede did so, and a half-dozen hands were soon at work, and when Rupert and Hester turned their steps toward Holcombe Hall, the lonely grave could be traced, even in the gloaming, by the lights that flickered about it.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG THE DEAD.

On the very verge of Dark Swamp, where the foliage grew rank, and where the land was oozy, stood the cabin of Crazy Madge. It was an old-looking concern, triangular in shape, and with a slab roof which met at the top and much the same as a Chinese pagoda does. It was constructed of rough-hewn logs, the chinks filled with clay, out of which creeping vines had sprung and run almost over the unique structure. There were two rooms, a kitchen and a bed-room—and both of these were furnished plainly, although comfortably, and every thing was as neat and clean as the most fastidious housekeeper could desire.

All Hallow Eve created no stir in that lonely abode. Madge, a tall, graceful woman still, despite her years, with piercing black eyes and heavy masses of purple-black hair, sprinkled here and there with gray, sat before the blazing log fire and looked dreamily into the red coals.

The crimson glow of the burning wood lit up the chamber with a ruddy light, and painted the shadow of Crazy Madge upon the floor and wall—a large, fantastic, ugly shape.

She was evidently thinking of some unpleasant theme, for, ever and anon, she would grate her teeth together, and her eyes would flash, and her hands open and shut, as if eager to clutch something in their grasp.

Presently the night wind brought to her ears the solemn sound of bells, and she started quickly, as if a blow had been dealt her, and exclaimed:

"Yes, yes! those are the bells in Rupert's tower! What does this mean? Can it be that he is dead?" she paused and bent her ear to listen.

Again the night wind swept by, and far above the noise of the rustling cottonwood she heard distinctly the pealing of the bells.

"Ah! I forgot!" she muttered now. "This is All Souls night, and old Gaspard's ridiculous injunction is being carried out."

She was about to seat herself again, when a sudden thought struck her, and, going to a closet at the foot of the bed, she took therefrom a cloak and hood, and donning these, strode out into the darkness.

The night was warm—almost sultry—the wind due east, and not a star visible, while the rush of the broad Mississippi could be heard for a mile on either side.

"A storm is brewing," muttered Madge, as she stalked onward like a phantom of blackness and despair. "The Mississippi never mutters so loud unless on the eve of a tempest."

On and on she trudged, now climbing over fallen trees, now sinking almost ankle-deep in the boggy land, and anon picking her way through a forest aisle where the shadows were so dark that it was almost an impossibility to find the path.

Finally she emerged from the wood and found herself within two hundred yards of the little grave-yard. The lights at the various graves were still burning—flitting, spattering and wasting—but the last watcher had left the tombs, to enjoy the home feast, and the scene was not only strangely silent, but very lonesome as well.

Madge took in the whole scene at a glance; then her lips parted and a groan of agony and rage escaped them, as her eyes fell upon the isolated grave which Bede had ornamented.

"This is his work again, is it? This is how he tricks the grave of poor Gertie's rival! He forgets that Madge is still alive, I suppose. But I'll show him; yes, I'll show him!"

She vaulted over the low hedge; ran hastily to the grave, and furiously dashed out the lights and scattered the flowers in every direction. Then, for a moment, she gazed at the ruin she had worked, and catching up the cloak which had fallen from her shoulders, she sped off as fast as her feet could carry her in the direction of Holcombe Hall.

"I'll see him now—this very night," she muttered. "I'll see whether or not our compact can be thus easily broken. Oh, he'll find that I'm not to be trifled with—No! no, not by him, at least!"

She stopped talking now. The rapidity of her motion took her breath, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The rain began to patter on the leaves, and make a murmurous sound on the river, and away to the south the distant thunder rolled sulinely.

Then, at short intervals, the bells from Rupert's Tower rung out a discordant peal, that died away in faintest echoes.

At last Madge reached the Hall and glanced up at it. There was a spark of light in the tower, and a ray from a window on the first floor. With these exceptions the house was dark, and save the noise of the bell, silent too.

She seemed thoroughly familiar with the

place, for, turning aside from the path in which she had been standing, she walked firmly to the window from which the light streamed, and placing her ear close to the sill, listened intently for a minute or two. She tried to see through the close-fitting blind, but in vain, and with a dash of impatience she sent it upward on its pulleys, and stepped into the room.

It was empty. The fire burnt low in the polished grate; the great astral lamp on the center-table cast a soft radiance on every thing, including the marble bust of Psyche in the corner, and the French time-piece, all blue and gold, that shone upon the mantelpiece. The hands of the clock pointed to eleven.

"I do wonder where he can be?" said Madge, surveying her surroundings with a critical look. "Not in bed, for that bell would not be clanging and this lamp burning if he were."

She gathered her drugged skirts about her, and seated herself composedly in one of the great easy-chairs by the table, and closed her eyes as if going to sleep.

Presently the bell stopped tolling; then there was an uneven footstep on the stair; the door opened, and Harold Holcombe stalked into the apartment.

He did not notice the presence of his visitor until he had sunk into a chair directly opposite to her.

With a half-suppressed shriek he leaped to his feet, exclaiming:

"You here, Margaret Moulton — you here?"

The woman arose very deliberately and eyed the cowering creature before her with something akin to triumph.

"Yes, I'm here," she replied. "Does it seem so strange that I should be here?"

He was recovering from the shock her sudden appearance gave him, and he managed to reply:

"No, no—that is, I was not expecting you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you promised, if I should faithfully perform my duty to Hester, that you would ask nothing more from me."

"You promised to do more than that, Harold Holcombe; did you not?"

"No."

"Think! I'm in no hurry for a reply."

She dropped back into her seat.

"I can't think of any thing else," he said, desperately.

"Then perhaps I had better remind you," and Madge's hot breath came full in his face, "of a pledge you gave me, ten years ago this very night."

"A pledge?" he repeated.

"Yes, when I came to you after tearing the ornaments from her grave out there. You remember now. I see by that flush in your face that you do."

"Well, what now?" he demanded. "Have I not kept my faith with you?"

"Don't be a fool, man," she replied, fiercely, "and don't take me for one, or may be sorry. I passed her grave to-night."

"Well?"

"It was decked off in flowers and ablaze with lights."

"I didn't do it!" he answered, his face becoming deathly pale.

She smiled derisively. "And do you expect me to believe you?"

"I do, when I swear it."

"You swore to be true to Gertie; and you destroyed her! What faith can be put in such as you?"

"Be reasonable, Margaret," he said; "the past can not be recalled, but I swear to you, by all my hopes for salvation, that I neither ornamented her grave nor ordered any one else to do so."

She looked him straight in the eye as he spoke, but he quailed not.

"Then who did it?" she asked.

"As I have already said, I don't know."

"Was it the negroes?"

"I can't tell."

There was a momentary silence; then the woman said: "I do believe you; yes, Harold Holcombe, strange as it may sound to you, I believe you. But you must do this." She hesitated.

"Do what?" he asked, abjectly.

"Find out who dared to decorate the grave of that woman, for whom you deserted, yea, murdered poor Gertie."

"Hush—sh!" he exclaimed, tremblingly; "for God's sake don't talk so loud!"

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, anything."

She smiled—a bitter, scornful smile—and, walking to the window, pushed up the sash. She was about to step out, when she turned suddenly, as if she had just caught a fresh idea; and asked:

"When does Hester become the wife of your heir?"

"As soon as he arrives."

"And when do you expect him?"

"He may be here to-morrow; at furthest in two weeks."

"Good!"

That was all she said. The next moment she was out in the rain, which now fell heavily, and was fast quenching the few remaining tapers in the lone churchyard.

CHAPTER VI.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

The ship *Merry Lass*, on which Tracy Cuthbert sailed out of the Mersey, was a stanch, fast vessel, and in four weeks from the day she dipped out of sight of Liverpool her anchor was dropped at the Balize.

The first glimpse of a strange land strikes most people joyously, for, whatever may have been the pang which a severance from old ties is sure to bring, a sense of curiosity is quickened, and a desire to rush ashore is generally felt, but, singularly enough, Tracy Cuthbert experienced no such sensation.

The panorama was novel to him, 'tis true. Reared as he had been amid chalky cliffs and towering mountains the wide stretches of low land falling away lower and lower to the line of the horizon, fringed at last by thick set timber, was novel but monotonous. And even the splendor of the palatial mansions that dot the lower coast, embowered as they are amid groves of orange trees, in which the fruit hangs like yellow lumps of gold; and tall, stately magnolias, odoriferous as beautiful, brought forth only a sigh of regret for the green fields and good wife he had left behind.

Ten hours of weary following the windings of the Mississippi, and then that oddest of American cities, New Orleans, was reached.

Tracy stood looking at the city from the quarter-deck. A fellow-passenger at his elbow nudged him familiarly as the *Merry Lass* touched the levee at the foot of Giro street, and remarked:

"I say: what caused the city to sink below the river?"

"I can't say, I'm sure," replied Tracy.

"The blasted place looks as if it was trying to crawl clean out of sight" ventured the other, and saying this, he darted off to prevent a cabman from carrying away his baggage.

Tracy found, on inquiry, that the steamer *Hazel Dell* would leave at five o'clock for Vicksburg, and on this he engaged passage for Big Brier Bend, as the landing in front of Holcombe Hall was called.

Having four hours in which to wait, he occupied the time in roaming through the city. First he visited the old Mint, then the French Market, where the population of the world is represented by the worst specimens of each type; and, finally, he sauntered down Esplanade street. The weather, notwithstanding the month was November, was very warm, and under the trees that line this beautiful thoroughfare, Tracy seated himself on a rustic seat, the ancient municipality had, in a munificent mood, placed there, and began to fan himself with the broad felt hat he had purchased in London.

He had not been long seated when a wrinkled old negress, dressed in a garb of many vivid colors, and whose head was surmounted with an odd-looking hat of black velvet, trimmed with yellow ribbons and a very bright and very big scarlet plume, bobbed up to him, and, depositing the basket she had been carrying on her arm at Tracy's feet, said, with an accent decidedly French:

"Monsieur is a stranger in de city—eh?"

Having no desire to converse with this exceedingly odd creature, he merely said, in answer: "Yes."

"Ah, I t'ot so much. You Anglaise man. Come to New Orleans to day on ship."

"Yes," with some surprise; "but how came you to know that?"

"Ah! my good friend, queen Hortense know ebony sing in ze city. I see you get off ship."

"Indeed!"

"But you promised, if I should faithfully perform my duty to Hester, that you would ask nothing more from me."

"You promised to do more than that, Harold Holcombe; did you not?"

"No."

"Think! I'm in no hurry for a reply."

She dropped back into her seat.

"I can't think of any thing else," he said, desperately.

"Then perhaps I had better remind you," and Madge's hot breath came full in his face, "of a pledge you gave me, ten years ago this very night."

"A pledge?" he repeated.

"You're mistaken," answered Tracy, with a yawn; "I have not troubled myself to foot up an estimate of your character. I presume, however, that you claim by the use of cards to divine the future. Whether you can do so, truly, or whether your pretensions are only raised to gull the weak, is no matter of mine. So you will pardon my abruptness, when I say, as I do now, good-bye."

Tracy smiled incredulously, and remarked:

"Then you are a fortune-teller?"

"Yes, zat what I am," strengthening herself up and looking as important as possible.

"Do you wish to hear your future?"

"No, not particularly; I'm quite willing to let the future develop itself."

"You don't believe me, monsieur. You zink me a imposture?"

"You're mistaken," answered Tracy, with a yawn; "I have not troubled myself to foot up an estimate of your character. I presume, however, that you claim by the use of cards to divine the future. Whether you can do so, truly, or whether your pretensions are only raised to gull the weak, is no matter of mine. So you will pardon my abruptness, when I say, as I do now, good-bye."

He was about to turn away, when she clutched him by the arm, and said, in a slightly changed voice:

"I'm no juggler, Tracy Cuthbert!"

He started. "You know me?"

"Ay, well! I'm the Voodoo Queen; I know every thing. You are just from England; you are going to Holcombe Hall to wed an heiress—a beautiful, pure, good girl; be true and kind to her, and God will be even so to you."

She picked up her basket as she finished, and hurried down the street, disappearing among the crowd at the first corner, leaving Tracy half-stunned and wholly lost in amazement.

His first impulse was to follow her, and offer her to reveal to him from what source she had gained her information; but on second thought, he said:

"Perhaps she learned this from some of my fellow-passengers; and as to my marrying an heiress, that is such a palpable mistake, to call it by no ruder name, that it settles all doubts as to her true character—a mere charlatan—catchpenny."

He tried to dismiss the matter with this, but he could not refrain from dwelling upon the little episode long after the *Hazel Dell* had pushed out from the foot of Canal street; and it was not until the Red Church—twenty-five miles from the city—had been reached that he left the guards, and tried to sleep the miles away.

In the early gray of the following morning Tracy found himself on the shore in Big Brier Bend. He glanced around carelessly, and his eye alighted on a huddle of huts not far from where he stood. Dragging his trunk to the nearest, he rapped for admittance.

"Who's dar?" demanded a voice from the interior.

"Tis I," replied Tracy.

"An' who, in de Lord's name, am you?"

"I'm Mr. Cuthbert, from England."

The door was opened now, and a large wooley headed protruded. "How now did ye git heah, honey?"

"I came up from New Orleans on the *Hazel Dell*."

"Yes, indeed mi, oh! hi!" Then a pause. "An' who did yer want ter see, boss?"

"Mr. Holcombe," answered Tracy, with some show of dignity in his voice; "is not this his estate?"

"No, sal, dis am'n't his State. Lo'd dress yer soal an' body, no! Dis am'e State of Louisiana. No, sah, I golly; Massa Holcombe rich, mighty rich, but dis State am'n't no potato-patch, I kin tell ye, chile."

Tracy sat at once that his words had been misconstrued, so he hastened to add:

"I meant, does not this place belong to Mr. Holcombe?"

"Yes, sal!" with considerable emphasis; "all uv it; ebry bit, from de timber-land cl'r back to de swamp."

"Where is the family residence?"

"You goin' up dah?"

"Yes."

"Den I'll show you, wid de greatest yea pleasan's."

The colored individual, who proved to be an old field-hand named Bijah—which was undoubtedly an abbreviation of the Biblical Obediah—ventured forth now, and walked slowly, and with a great deal of gravity, to an opening in the cottonwood, a few rods south of the cabin, from whence an uninterrupted view of Holcombe Hall could be had.

Tracy saw at once that his words had been misconstrued, so he hastened to add:

"I meant, does not this place belong to Mr. Holcombe?"

"Yes, sal!" with considerable emphasis; "all uv it; ebry bit, from de timber-land cl'r back to de swamp."

"Hah!" no matter. Perhaps some one, racing through the alley, has angered him. This wound—I must not go to bed, Lala; I have too much work to do. Is there nothing to heal it at once—for a time—afterward, I can lie upon my back for a year, if need be."

The Indian woman studied him keenly, and, for a long while, was silent.

"Are you afraid to die?" she asked, at length.

"Die!" Jose started. "What mean you?"

"This: I can cure you for twenty-four hours—make you strong as ever. But, when that twenty-four hours rolls around, dwelling strangely on the last, "it may be

that all the arts old Lala knows will not save you!" Worse flame will be in the hurt;

there will be great danger. Will you try it?"

Jose Moreno was very pale as he weighed

"Wid de bell-house onto it?" persisted Bijah.

"I have said I see it very plainly."

"Dat am de place, honey. You can bet on ole Bijah's wòd eb'ry time. When he says dat is de place, he means it. Yes, sah, he does indeedy," with a great show of candor.

"Then you will be kind enough to look after my baggage. Good-morning!"

The young man, now out of all patience with his dusky informant, darted away across the fields and into the path that led up to the Hall.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 114.)

Hercules, the Hunchback: The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED," "BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE Saturday Journal

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MAKE WAY FOR IT!

In the coming issue of this JOURNAL will be given the opening chapters of

HAWKEYE HARRY,
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or,
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he becomes linked by fate with a most remarkable man, known as "The Unknown," or Clouded Heart; and with Red Wing, the Fox Chief—all of whom, almost unconscious ly, are led on to trial.

A LOST DARLING!

How she was trailed—who was The Unknown—the splendid heroism of Old Optic—the keen sagacity of the Fox Chief and his devotion—the fate of the beautiful Sioux captive—all, added to Hawkeye Harry's active participation in the stirring events, make a rare combination of elements of interest. Well may we say—

MAKE WAY FOR IT.

Our Arm-Chair.

The Good is Always Popular.—The steady advance in circulation of this paper illustrates most fully this fact—that "the people" are sharpshotted and critical, appreciating all literary ventures at their real value.

It is so much the fashion in certain journalistic circles to deride what is termed the taste of "the masses," and to jeer at what is truly popular or adapted to a large audience, that it is pleasant occasionally to give these literary snobs a snub in the shape of a few facts which have a big idea behind them. We know where it is easy to swing a gold-headed cane, and to say—"aw, dem foine!" over a book that Periwinkle esteems, it is just as easy for him to say "au," rather common "of a book or paper that runs into the people's hands, but Periwinkle may not have brains enough to tell a good from a poor thing, and that is just what is the matter with more than half the "criticism" of this country.

It is susceptible of demonstration that great merit and great circulation go together; and so well is this understood by publishers, that they are ever on the alert for what is meritorious, in the popular sense.

They reject nothing that has this merit, but do, every day, reject what is good in a class, or restricted sense. To many a good book they say no, because it can interest only a few people; and the editor of the weekly paper every day refuses what is good, in the sense of appropriateness for a certain class, because he demands, for his use, that which will enlist a wider range of sympathy, and interest all classes of readers alike. The "critic" who sneers at that which does no interest is simply a simpleton, who can be made to comprehend that fact by a knowledge of the success of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

No paper ever published in this country has demanded a higher order of literary merit, in the sense of popular attractiveness, than this paper has steadily enforced, and no paper, in two years' time, has won a wider and more permanent circulation. That its readers are the *dilettanti*'s derided "million"—is its pride and boast, since, if they demand such a weekly visitor in their homes, what an evidence is it of the wide-spread good taste and intelligence of the people—the great rank and file of American citizenship!

It is now a rare among popular journalists, to see who shall have the best matter attainable. Of course, it requires a keen literary appreciation to determine what is best, and it is true that, what one editor rejects another may accept; but, a three months' reading and comparison of the several great weeklies will not fail to indicate the journal of greatest discrimination—that which has published the least commonplace or indifferent matter.

Caring but little for *great names*, and bound by no contracts to old literary workers; but free to choose from what is freshest, most original and striking in the productions of American authors, we occupy a distinct posi-

tion among popular journals, and design to maintain that position to the end that the SATURDAY JOURNAL may be synonymous with what is best in popular American journalism.

"The Abominations."—One of the most successful volumes which has been published for a long time is Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's "Abominations of Modern Society."

Like all books that strike at Popular and Fashionable Sims, it has awakened an intense antagonism in certain quarters, and an enthusiastic acceptance in other circles, or, as a contemporary says: "It is one of the best abused and most heartily applauded volumes published in ten years." Talmage is a power in the pulpit, but this book proves that he is equally a power with the pen. He strikes hard and his blows "tell," and any young man or woman who has a moral sense to quicken who can read "The Abominations" without profit, must be of that class who have eyes that see not, and ears that hear not.

"A Rooster on Wheels."—Schel De Vere, in his new work on "American English," has gathered an immense number of the odd sayings, of the East, West, North and South. But, he has omitted one, as we hereby notify him. As for instance: a correspondent says:"Joe Jot, Jr., and Washington Whitehorn are bricks. I am personally acquainted with Wash. *He is a rooster on wheels*." Which means, we suppose, that the ex-Missionary is "some pumpkins," or knows how to "put a head on you," or can "lam the elephant," or can "wave snakes," or can "eat it fat as the next man," or can tell "who is Jerusha." One thing is certain, if Whitehorn gets his deserts he'll go into the Cabinet as Minister of the Interior on the principle that he who makes a lean rib grow fat is a public benefactor, and should be exempt from a poll-tax.**THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."**

HE IS A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT. The hour has struck. I can hesitate no longer. The highest interests of the nation demand that I present myself before the American people as candidate for President. I have waited for some one else to bring me out, but no one seems to have thought of me. And I don't think very much of myself, but a man don't want to think much of himself to be a candidate for President nowadays. If he had any self-respect at the outset, he would think very little of himself by the time the campaign was over.

I am one of the people—I might say, one of the boys. I came up from obscurity, and I have brought a good deal of obscurity up with me. I never had any politics—or much else—but I am "Liberal" to a fault, ready to receive votes from any quarter, although I am not prepared to give quarters for any votes.

As for a platform, suit yourselves, gentlemen. The lecture platform would probably suit me as well as any other. Having stood on nearly every platform in the country, it would be difficult for you to get up a platform I couldn't stand on. In the absence of a platform, give me four aces, and I'll stand" on that.

I am the especial friend of the laboring man. No man likes to see a man work better than I do. In fact, I had rather see a man work than work myself. I am not only averse to working more than eight hours, but I am opposed to working a single blazed hand!

I am in favor of paying the national debt. It is, in fact, the only debt I am in favor of paying. And rather than not see it paid during my administration, I engage to pay it out of my own pocket.

As far as the civil service is concerned, all I can say is, if the country will do a civil service by me and elect me, I am ready to do a civil service by the country. No one can speak not so fairer nor that.

Retrenchment is my motto. If you can't put a retrenchment plank in the platform, put in a board. I am ready to work without any salary, but I shall insist upon my board.

I am inclined to Free Trade, preferring to feel free to trade whenever I please, but if a Tariff plank is necessary to my election, put it in! I shall get on a Tariff I ain't elected.

Pledge me as strong as you please to the temperance folks. The temperance pledge don't burn anybody.

I am not only in favor of women's rights but of women's rights-and-lefts, if they prefer to wear them. I am in favor of women voting, provided they vote for me; and I see no reason why a woman shouldn't hold office, except perhaps the difficulty of getting hold of it.

I may be asked how I would treat the Indians. I wouldn't "treat" them at all. They have been treated too much and too often. My private opinion is that it will be a treat when there isn't an Injin left this side of the happy hunting-grounds.

No relative can hold office under my administration, no matter whether he is my relative or the relative of some other man. I shall appoint none but old bachelors, childless widowers and orphans. I have a few relatives of my own holding office now, but they shall be promptly kicked out as soon as I am elected. One brother-in-law has a little coal-office on the dock; he must give it up. A third cousin drinks too much occasionally and gets office foot. He can't get office under me. You see I am determined to reduce the "relative" expenses of the Government.

I engage not to receive any gift, unless it is the highest office in the gift of the people. If I am ever called "our present Chief Magistrate," I won't be a Chief Magistrate of presents. Not being a man of commanding presence, anyhow, there would probably be few presents that I could command. What few natural gifts I may have, however, I shall beg to retain, as they are not worth making any fuss about.

I stand by the old Constitution that has been tried. No man has tried his old constitution more than I have tried mine. I accept the amendments, every one of them. When it comes to amends I can shout Amen! as loud as any one.

I understand there is an ambitious man named George Francis Train, who aspires to be President on his promise to free Ireland. I engage not only to free Ireland, but to make Irish whisky free into the bargain. I shall at least be able to tie George Francis on the popular vote, unless one or the other of us is prevented from going to the polls. I believe I could even tie the Davenport Brothers.

I shall inaugurate a wholesale emancipation business as soon as I am inaugurated. I engage to emancipate women from the thraldom of fashion, to give the "boys"

their rights, and abolish the cruel edict which excludes children in arms from the elevating and purifying influences of the theaters. I pledge myself to free everybody and to free postage; to free soil, free pews in churches, free Press, free passes, free drinks, and freebooters.

WHO TOLD YOU?

Who told you that Mrs. Bagges was a shiftless woman, who never attended the sewing-circle and rarely went to church? Somebody told you, eh? Well, sir I can say that I wish somebody would hold their tongue and mind his or her business. I don't like these mysterious *somebodies*, but I'm sure that if they have nothing better to do than to go about remarking the shortcomings of their acquaintances, "somebody" is the right name for them; they don't deserve to have eyes that see not, and ears that hear not.

So somebody told you that Mrs. Bagges was

shiftless? I wish she could go into the

said house of the said Mrs. Bagges (as the lawyers have it) and see things in their right light. She'd see a woman with a house full of children, toiling, hour after hour, for her brood, and doing her duty by them.

What can she have to do?

Just as if it wasn't enough to take care of the youngsters' clothes, mending and darning (for if you've seen children who didn't tear their garments, you've seen curiosities that Barnum would, no doubt, offer a fabulous price for), to say nothing of household drudgery and the thousand and one things that make life so sweet.?

Who told you that Mrs. Bagges would be doing more for her soul if she worked for the Heathen? Somebody again, eh?

Somebody must be a heathen herself, and I don't want her to come this way, while I am sewing on buttons and my needle is sharp. Do you suppose Mrs. Bagges wants her own family to grow up like heathens, as they would, were she to let them go about "tattered and torn"?

Who told you they don't talk scandal at some sewing-circles? Somebody once more, eh?

Then I must acknowledge myself to be mistaken, but I never heard of a circle lasting a great while where gossip was

prohibited.

Oh! am I not getting it hot and heavy from my readers? They are putting me down as unchristian. "Don't believe in working for the heathen! I blush for you, Eve."

Who told you they don't talk scandal at some sewing-circles? Somebody once more, eh?

No, my love; I will exonerate somebody from blame there; like that good old brusque fellow, Andrew Jackson, "I will take the responsibility." I've seen them; I've heard them, and, if you want to take me up for libel, you may do it.

I will allow you to blush just as much as you want to when I give way to such sentiments as that. I do believe in working for them—working as the Lord worked for them, going about doing good among those around him who needed his counsels. If the ladies of the sewing-circles only would bear in mind that, in His teachings, He does not tell us we must sew for the heathen with our fingers, and backbite our neighbors with our tongue! Who told you, Eve, that they do so? Somebody, eh?

I am sure no one would work more cheerfully in a good cause than Eve; but, if it is going to prejudice me against my neighbor by attending these scandal—be-pardon—sewing-circles, I prefer to work for the heathen in my own little chamber among my pinks and posies, who never scandalize their brother and sister plants, and to whom I never have to say, "Who told you?"

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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D—V—
BY TOM GOULD.

Now husband dear,
Don't look so queer.
It's easy to see I tease you
I want to buy—
Ah! now you sigh!
I thought perhaps 'twould please you.
There's Mrs. Griggs,
And Martha Briggs—
And Maggie's oldest daughter
Has been under two,
A pink and blue—
How can that man support her!
Now I am sure
I can't endure
To see them all outlive me,
So say the words—
Don't look absurd!
You know you can't deny me.
Pink what? Blue what?
Oh! I forgot
To tell you all the reason.
My heart doth crave—
Now don't look grave—
I want a—Dolly Varden!
She had her way,
'Twas bought that day—
The best in all the city,
Of these, tenfold
The best told,
When he declared 'twas pretty.

Madeleine's Marriage:

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

In a plainly but comfortably furnished room two persons were seated, four days after the occurrences last related.

A thick curtain was drawn so as to divide one-third of the apartment from the rest; and this end opened into a small room beyond. There was a worn carpet on the floor, with an oaken stand of shelves containing books and papers; the table and chairs of the same wood. A hand-organ stood in one corner, and a monkey was coiled in a box on the hearth, fast asleep.

A young man, who had been sitting by the table, aroused himself lazily, and remarked that, as it was getting late, he would soon be at watering the horses.

His companion was several years older than he was; apparently middle-aged; and his powerful frame and muscular limbs betokened a maturity of strength that had as yet experienced no decline. His features were regular and handsome, though his complexion was bronzed by exposure; and his luxuriant, curling beard and whiskers concealed a portion of the face. His dark eyes were bright and full, and quick in expressing every feeling that possessed him. His hands were emblazoned as by toil, and the veins could be seen like stiff cords traversing them and the uncovered wrists. He had been leaning, in a thoughtful attitude, against the mantelpiece.

When the young man spoke, he made a gesture enjoining quiet, and glanced at the end of the room curtained off.

"There is no danger of disturbing her," whispered the other. "She has slept since daybreak, Aubrey told me; and the doctor said that was very good for her. I wanted to give you an account of my last jaunt."

The elder looked up, ready to listen.

"Stop that monkey of yours," he said, impatiently; "he snores as loud as a tambour-major."

"Poor fellow! he is tired out!" said the young man. "Be quiet, there, will you?" and he stirred the box with his foot. "It has pained me for the last two days at such a rate, the creature has caught a shocking bad cold, and his handsome new jacket is regular done for. If it had not been for that, I would have stopped in the city to hear the trial of the little milliner for marrying two husbands—bigamy I think they called it."

"Ah, by-the-bye," muttered the elder man, glancing at a copy of the *Times* that lay on the table, "they've given her ten years of it!"

"Ten years! you don't mean to say that! and after being at so many great trials, to think I should have missed this one! Were you there, Sanders?"

"No; but I heard all about it at the police office."

"The police office! What were you doing there?"

"I went to leave a pocketbook that a young gentleman had left in my carriage; I heard about the case; and I saw in the *Times* that the woman had got ten years of it for bigamy."

"Poor thing! I am sorry for her! One husband is often more than enough for a woman's patience. But this girl whose life you saved: when I came home this morning, and into this room, I found mother Max and the doctor. What has been the matter?"

"After I brought her from the river," whispered the other, with a glance of caution, "it was too far to take her to the hospital; so I brought her here, and sent for Max and the physician. Then a despairing shadow was in a longing fever, and a despairing of her life; but, toward nightfall, she became calmer. She has been ill four days: but the doctor says now she is out of danger."

"And so the poor girl wanted to drown herself?"

"Nothing of the kind. Some silly story like that got into the papers. I saw two ruffians in masks carrying her onto the bridge, covered with their cloaks. They lifted her over the parapet, and threw her into the water."

"Lawkamer! To think there should be such villains in the world! They must be denounced at the police court. Here's a case for a grand trial! Let me go, and carry the news! I should like to be in the witness-box!"

"Stop, George! Don't you think I should have given the information before this, if it had been necessary?"

"And why didn't you?"

"Because—the young lady could not yet be restored to her family: because—she is not even now strong enough to undergo any agitation."

"But the villains must be punished. You will let them escape!"

"They will not escape!" muttered Sanders, gloomily.

"You should have had them locked up. Do you know who they are?"

"Not the other?"

"His face seemed familiar when I saw him. But both were masked when they did the deed."

"Who is the young lady?"
Her name must not be mentioned here at present."

"Have not her friends searched for her?"

"I have sent them word she is safe."

"And they have not been to see her?"

"They do not know where she is. I have my reasons for that. She was too ill to be removed."

"How anxious they must have been!"

"Twice a day they have had news of her: they know she is in good hands and under medical care; and that she will return to them the moment she can be taken with safety from this place."

"You will be richly rewarded—that is if her family is wealthy; and I suppose it is, from what Max told me."

The elder man made no reply, unless a deep sigh, that sounded like a moan, might be one. His face was concealed, his head resting on his arm.

"May I go in and see her?" whispered George Miles, after a few moments' silence.

"Not for your life! Forgive me: I did not mean to be so violent! She must not be disturbed; but you may go and fetch a little present I mean to give her—or send her—for I hardly know how to offer it."

"What is that?"

"Her bonnet was lost in the river: so, this morning, as I went by the market, I saw a lovely little cap, with pink ribbons, on a stall, and bought it for her. It is in the corn-bin; you may bring it."

"Certainly!" exclaimed the young man, with alacrity. He went out softly, and presently returned with the purchase, wrapped in brown paper.

"And I've got a little yellow shawl," he said, stealing on tiptoe across the room, "with beautiful red and green flowers on it. I meant it for Alice; it cost me five shillings. It shall go with the cap! Now I will go and water the beasts; but, Sanders, if the monkey wakes, give him something to eat; for the poor animal must be nervous, for I can judge by myself."

"Never fear; I will attend to him."

As George went out, Sanders flung himself into the chair by the table, and bowed his head upon his crossed arms.

Not many minutes had elapsed before the door again opened, and George softly called his name.

As he went to the door, he whispered:

"A young gentleman here wishes to speak with you."

The man stepped outside into the alley leading to the stables. A very handsome young man, with a bright face and noble cast of features, stood there.

"I believe I am right," he said; "you are the owner of coach number two hundred and twenty-six?"

"I have driven that carriage."

"Then it is the same. I left a pocket-book in it the other night."

"You did, sir; and I took it to the police office. It can be claimed there."

"It has just been returned to me," said Frank Duclos, for it was he who spoke.

"I am glad it is in the hands of the rightful owner," returned the coachman, absently.

"The pocket-book contained money; and not only that, but papers of great value to me. Every thing is undisturbed. I have come to thank you for your honesty, and to offer you the money as a merited reward."

"No, sir," replied Sanders, refusing the gift. "If I had retained property that did not belong to me, I should have been discredited. A man deserves no reward for not being a thief."

"You are a noble fellow!" cried Frank.

"Then you must allow me to make you another offer. One or two friends and I keep our horses in the same stables. If you will undertake their superintendence, I will leave it to you to name your salary; for I think an honest man can not be too highly paid."

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for such generous kindness. But an old soldier can not put on the livery of a groom!"

"A soldier! You have served, then?"

"Ten years—in the — Dragoons, on the Continent."

"I beg your pardon for my proposal: the livery should never succeed the uniform. But if you would like to go abroad again, I have influence enough to get you the post of Ranger to the forest—either in France or Prussia."

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made to associate with blacklegs and ruffians."

"Much obliged for your good opinion, madam."

"I mean you no offense, sir; but my boy, you know, is the son of a gentleman," here the color swept over her pale face; "and, poor as we are, I have kept him from mingling with base people. I thought you might have a good will toward him for the sake of—of one who is gone; but you do not seem to think of that. You have some purpose in offering to take the lad."

"And should not be likely, if I had not, to make the offer, certainly."

"If you will tell me what it is, and I can approve of it—"

"I will tell you no more than that I have a fancy to adopt him. I have no son, you know, and my daughter yields me no filial obedience."

The poor woman wrung her hands in her distress.

"Do not ask me now," she pleaded. "You said you would come and see my husband."

"Very well. I will come to-morrow."

"And will you let me take him some brandy? The doctor ordered stimulants; and I have no money to buy wine."

Marlitt handed her the flask from the sideboard, on which her eyes were fixed; and gave her also a bottle of wine. Her sobbing choked her thanks, as she stowed them under her shawl.

"And here is a trifling to buy some soup," and he put half a sovereign into her hand. "When I come to-morrow, you must be prepared to close the bargain."

As the woman, eager to return to her home, descended the stairs of the hotel, she was followed by a dusky figure, that kept in the shade as much as possible. She hurried along rapidly, taking the straightest course through several narrow streets.

Suddenly, in one of these, a man came up beside her.

She started back, with a loud scream.

"Hush, you fool!" growled Hugh Rawd, for it was he. "You do not know your old admirer, Hugh Rawd, then?"

"Sir, I entreat you not to molest me."

"I do not mean to molest you, Mrs. Morell. Let me assist you to carry what you have under your shawl; and if you will take my arm, it will help you. The walking is slippery."

The woman was trembling violently. She made no answer, but quickened her pace.

"You need not be afraid of me, Emily. I was with Mr. Marlitt when you came in, and I could not help listening a little after the door was shut. I heard you say your husband was dying. You did not find Mr. Marlitt much disposed to be liberal, eh?"

"Mr. Rawd, I have no time to stop."

"I am going with you. If you will take my arm, we shall get on faster."

"But my husband can not see you!" cried the wife, terrified at the idea of a meeting between Albert, in his enfeebled state, and this reckless man.

"I do not intend to trouble him, my dear. Let him do his dying as fast as he can. But, Emily, listen to me. I can place you and your son in affluence. If you will marry me—"

"You have said all this before, Hugh, and I know what your promises mean."

"I can fulfill them now better than ever. Emily, I have in my breastpocket—in my pocketbook—papers that can send that haughty Mrs. Clermont back to beggary, and put you in possession of Broadhurst and the fortune."

Neither the villain nor the woman noticed a man well wrapped in a cloak, who had just come in view from the corner of another street. He stopped a moment as he heard the words uttered, then fell back into the shadow of the tall buildings.

Emily also stopped, and faced Hugh Rawd.

"If you speak truly," she said, "how wicked you have been to rob the widow and the orphan all these years!"

"I must do something for myself. I must live by my wits; I have nothing else. I would have put the estate into your hands years ago, if you would have married me. But you rejected me, and lost a fortune."

"I would not have gained it in that way!" murmured Emily, hurrying on her course.

"Thank you; but it is the only way to get it—to right yourself."

"I do not care for myself. I am past that."

"Your child, then?"

"Man, do not drive me to distraction."

"Only promise to marry me, Emily, and the property shall be yours."

"I do not believe you; I have never believed you!"

"You have the best of reasons. I brought the license, remember."

"Let me go! I can not talk with you."

As she fled, on her steps kept pace with hers; and the dusky form was behind them.

"I will see you again, then. If your husband dies, Emily, you need not be poor. We can be rich and happy. Your son shall be the equal of any man in the kingdom."

She answered not, but hurried on.

"I will follow you till I see where you live, and call on you to-morrow."

She went on a few yards, then turned into Montague street, and sprang up the low steps of a mean-looking house, ringing the bell and then knocking.

The door was opened presently, and without looking back, she entered and closed it behind her. Hugh heard the drawing of a bolt.

A new way of mending his desperate fortunes had occurred to him. The husband was dying; so he had heard her say. Once rid of him, he could march on to wealth and a luxurious home with scarce an obstacle in his path.

As the prospect enlarged before him, he gave a low whistle of satisfaction. He would throw Marlitt overboard, after getting as much out of him as he could.

As a beginning, he would call upon Morell. So near death, as he understood he was, it would be an easy matter to make his death a fact. The man's life, in any event, compromised his safety.

He might blab of that job done on the coast. Yes; he must die.

Why should he hesitate at another crime, when so necessary to his advancement? Had not his leader in guilt said: self-preservation is the first law of nature?

He walked on fast as he reasoned thus to himself, and the future began to look rose-colored to his mental vision.

On a sudden he felt himself grasped by the arm forcibly. The street was very dark; there was a lamp at no great distance, but its feeble rays could not penetrate the gathering fog. He could only see that a tall and robust figure stood by his side.

He strove to throw off the assailant; but vainly; his other arm was seized and pinned as by an iron vice. At the same moment a voice hissed in his ear:

"Give up your pocket-book, and no harm shall come to you this time!"

A robber! Hugh had done not a little of such business, and he saw that this was a new hand. Thieves did not grapple with their victims in this way.

With a coarse laugh he bade the man let go his arms, or he would shout for help, and give him over to the police.

"You dare not call the police!" hissed the voice. "If you do, you will give the worst of it. I will give you over. I saw you pitch the girl in the water from Waterloo Bridge, on Tuesday night."

Hugh staggered back, horror-stricken. Who was this witness to his crime who knew him, and could give him up to justice?

He stammered out that he would deliver up his purse, as the price of freedom.

"I do not want your purse!" said the unknown. "Keep the wages of your crime. I must have the pocket-book from your breast-pocket."

Again the villain struggled violently to escape.

"Stand still! Do not dare cry out, or I give you up to justice at once! There is no mercy for you then!"

One arm of his powerful enemy was thrown around him, holding Hugh's arms to his side, while his right wrist was forcibly grasped. Then the breast of his coat was torn open suddenly, and the full, large pocketbook dragged from the breast-pocket.

As he seized this, the assailant flung off his victim with such force that he was thrown on the ground at some distance.

He sprang to his feet in an instant, and rushed after the robber.

"Stay—stay!" he cried. "What you have will do no good! There is no money in that pocket-book; only papers—papers of no value to any one else! You shall have money for them; give them back to me!"

"Sir, I entreat you not to molest me."

"I do not mean to molest you, Mrs. Morell. Let me assist you to carry what you have under your shawl; and if you will take my arm, it will help you. The walking is slippery."

The woman was trembling violently.

She made no answer, but quickened her pace.

"You need not be afraid of me, Emily. I was with Mr. Marlitt when you came in, and I could not help listening a little after the door was shut. I heard you say your husband was dying. You did not find Mr. Marlitt much disposed to be liberal, eh?"

"Mr. Rawd, I have no time to stop."

"I am going with you. If you will take my arm, we shall get on faster."

"But my husband can not see you!" cried the wife, terrified at the idea of a meeting between Albert, in his enfeebled state, and this reckless man.

"I do not intend to trouble him, my dear. Let him do his dying as fast as he can. But, Emily, listen to me. I can place you and your son in affluence. If you will marry me—"

"You have said all this before, Hugh, and I know what your promises mean."

"I can fulfill them now better than ever. Emily, I have in my breastpocket—in my pocketbook—papers that can send that haughty Mrs. Clermont back to beggary, and put you in possession of Broadhurst and the fortune."

He seized the arm of his enemy, who turned and confronted him, with a low laugh of defiance.

Both were close to the lamp, and as the man who had taken the pocket-book, turned, the red light fell upon his face. He pushed back his cap, so as fully to expose it.

Hugh let go his hold and recoiled in strange affright. His loss—the loss of all his fair prospects—was forgotten in what he saw.

"The dead—the dead come to life!" his white lips tried to articulate.

The man laughed again; then turned and strode away, disappearing in the darkness in an instant.

Faint, with horror, the villain gazed after him. He leaned, almost helpless, against the lamp-post.

The face he had seen was that of the man whom he believed he had stabbed to death on that wild night, on the Welsh Coast!

(To be continued—commenced in *No. 105.*)

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEER," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVII.

"PHIL QUANTRELL."

The spot where the two horsemen made halt, calls for some description, topographically:

The tree, spoken of by one of them as being an appointed rendezvous, was that under which they had dismounted. It was a grand live oak, with a trunk full fifteen feet in diameter, and branches spreading like a banyan. Though of evergreen foliage, but little of the latter could be seen, even in daylight. Here and there, only some leaves on the extremity of twigs, that had penetrated through the dense masses of Spanish moss; this growing thickly upon its branches, and hanging in festoonery from its far-stretching horizontal limbs. Under the shimmering of the moonbeams the hoary parasite showed white and weird.

At times its depending streamers, stirred by the night breeze, waved to and fro, like ghosts moving in a minut. When the air was still, they might have been mistaken for the waters of a cataract suspended in its fall, the spray suddenly converted into hoar frost and the jets into gigantic icicles.

Centrally amid these the huge trunk ascended; spreading wide as a wall, grim and corrugated as the skin of a crocodile. Fancy fifteen feet in diameter, without reckoning the outlying pilasters, which, following the direction of the roots, obliqued off to nearly double the distance!

This hoary Titan of the forest stood fifty yards back from the river's bank, and about two hundred above the crossing. On all sides the bottom timber was dense; most of it also of large growth. Only for a space of a pole's breadth around the great oak was the ground clear; as if the other trees, deeming it their monarch, dared not intrude any nearer. From the ford below the spot could only be approached through thick bottom timber, itself shadowing a dense undergrowth of the saw-palmetto. A trace led it to from the main crossing-trail, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and so narrow that two horsemen could not travel it abreast.

The men in charge of the captive girls had ridden along it, one behind the other. Only after getting under the great oak had they come side by side. Then ensued the brief dialogue, which ended by their taking opposite sides of the tree, and dismounting, with its trunk between them.

They were now as much apart as if separated by a thick stone wall, and to communicate in speech it would have been necessary for them to shout at the highest pitch of their voices.

He who had shown reluctance to leave the river's edge remained on the side fronting toward the ford. After having disposed of his captive in the manner described, he stood beside his horse, bridle in hand.

For a time he kept this position, taking little notice of the form lying prostrate at his feet. He appeared to be a stern old sinner, among whose weaknesses woman was not one. Perhaps for this had he been selected to guard Jessie Armstrong; for it was Jessie he had charge of. Whatever might be the intent toward the captives, she was not meant for him; and he scarce seemed to think of her. His demeanor showed him more regardful of something else.

He might blab of that job done on the coast. Yes; he must die.

Why should he hesitate at another crime, when so necessary to his advancement? Had not his leader in guilt said: self-preservation is the first law of nature?

He walked on fast as he reasoned thus to himself, and the future began to look rose-colored to his mental vision.

On a sudden he felt himself grasped by the arm forcibly. The street was very dark; there was a lamp at no great distance, but its feeble rays could not penetrate the gathering fog. He could only see that a tall and robust figure stood by his side.

he was listening for sounds to come from that direction—the plunging of horses' hoofs in the water. He listened impatiently, at intervals signifying his impatience by a blasphemous ejaculation.

Quite different was the behavior of his comrade, as also the scene being enacted on the other side of the tree. There lay Helen Armstrong, prostrate as she had been placed, still enveloped in the blanket, and confined with cords.

While the man guarding her was not erect, nor holding his horse by the bridle. He had thrown the rein over a piece of projecting bark, and was kneeling by her side, his head close to hers. In this attitude, he commenced pouring speech into her ear, that might well have driven her mad.

His first words:

"At length—at last I have you, sure and safe. Oh! it is sweet—sweet—sweet!"

That voice! Whose?

Helen Armstrong had no need to ask herself the question. Scarce knowing why, she had suspicion from the first that neither of the men in charge of them was an Indian. It was strengthened on hearing her horrid laugh; confirmed when, after crossing the stream, one of them spoke to the other, calling him "Phil."

Notwithstanding her covered ears she had caught some words, intelligible, because in her own tongue. That one was sufficient—"Phil." On hearing it, she rushed into her remembrance a name spoken in Natchitoches, while the sheriff's assistants were searching high and low for a murderer. It was the name, or, as she knew it, the alias, Phil Quantrell.

All uncertainty was now at an end. The man stooping over her was *Phil Quantrell!*

CHAPTER LXIX.

A RUFFIAN TRIUMPHANT.

AFTER a moment of silence, in which he appeared giving way to rapturous triumph, the ruffian again spoke; repeating the same words, with the addition of her name.

To his speech, exulting and passionate, she made no response. She was overwhelmed with a sense of utter helplessness. She well knew that any thing she might say would be of little avail—of none at all.

She had slightly started on recognizing the voice. It was less surprise than a mere spasmodic motion; such as may arise from treading upon a snake, or coming in contact with an assassin.

It was the thought of this that had startled her.

After it she was still again—so still, that her heart could be heard beating.

He who knelt beside her heard it; he knew it was throbbing in pain

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stretching afar beyond the moonlit circle—fancying himself carelessly guarded, he at length made a bolt toward it.

In this fancy he was sadly, fatally mistaken. From the weak wifing Harkness he had nothing to fear. But it was different with Jupiter. In the white man counterfeiting a red-skin the yellow man had recognized an old acquaintance—one who had given good reason to be remembered. The recognition was not mutual. For the former, better if it had been. It might have given him a longer lease of life; or, at least, some time for repentance. He could count crimes enough to need this. As it was, destiny had determined that his career—a wicked one—should come to an end. His hours, even their moments, were numbered.

He had got across the moonlit circle, and into the thick timber beyond. But he went no further. The runaway slave, like as a lynx, sprung after and soon overtook him.

Out of the dark shadow came back a cry, single, and suddenly stifled—such as men under stabbed through the heart.

And soon after, the mulatto himself came out of that shadow, holding in his hand a long-bladed knife, its blade dripping blood.

Jessie Armstrong saw naught nor knew of this tragic scene, taking place, as it were, off the stage. As soon as released, she, too, had rushed to the other side of the tree, there rejoicing her sister. Nor were Woodley, Heywood, or Clancy aware of it till some time after. Harkness alone had been witness, not to the deed itself, but the proof of its having been done. He had evidence of this in the knife-blade held in the mulatto's hand, which, as he came back across the streak of moonlight, no longer glistened, its sheen being obscured by blood.

Woodley and Heywood, having settled things on the other side of the tree, saw they were no longer wanted there, and came round to look after him they had made captive, and were surprised at seeing only Harkness and the mulatto. Where was the sham savage?

"What hev you du, Jope?" asked Woodley, as the encrimsoned knife came under his eyes. "Where's your pris'ner? Ye don't mean to say ye've killed him?"

Jupiter, holding out the blood-stained blade, said, in response:

"Master Woodley, I've done what you say, and what oughter been done long 'go. You know'd that man; so did I. He was once head nigger—driver for ole Eph Darke. If I show you my back, you'll see on it the scores of a cowhide, cut deep into the flesh. 'Twas him that did it."

Woodley, satisfied, remained silent.

There was an interval of repose under the shadow of the live-oak, such as follows a terribly-tragical event—the calm after the storm.

Then succeeded speech—words of inquiry, mingled with other words, telling of mutual congratulation.

CHAPTER LXXII.

JOY.

To attempt painting the surprise of Helen Armstrong on finding that her lover still lived—seeing him beside her—would be like taking the photograph of a shooting star or a flash of lightning.

Equally difficult to depict her joy. It might be partly symbolized by that of one who, long lingering at the door of death, has health suddenly restored, with the prospect of a prolonged and happy life.

In hurried speech explanations passed between her and Clancy; with a renewal of vows plighted in the past, now sealed with kisses. Even the presence of Jessie, who had joined them, did not interfere with the rapturous exchange.

But another did—Simeon Woodley. While the lover was occupied with his restored sweetheart, the old hunter and Heywood had been cogitating between themselves. Taking their cue from what Harkness had long ago told them—coupling this with the horse-tracks seen going down to the ford—they had come to the conclusion that Borlasse must have collected a large band of robbers, who were then operating on the opposite side of the river. Why Darke and the other had got separated from them, and were alone in charge of the captives, was not easily understood. The rescued girls could only tell what occurred to them—how they had been seized, blinded, and carried off, with what followed up to the moment of their rescue. They could say, however, that several had taken part in their seizure—Indians, as they supposed. Their rescuers knew they were no Indians, but *prairie* pirates.

Where were these now?

No matter where. The backwoodsman knew there was danger in staying any longer under the live-oak. The fact that Darke had halted there pointed to it as a rendezvous. Woodley urged instant departure from the place.

"Charley Clancy," he said, interrupting a sweet *tete-a-tete*, "ye must get out o' hyar 'without wastin' the shortest space o' time. This place ain't safe nohow."

Clancy started. Absorbed by sweater thoughts, he had forgotten that there was danger still overarching.

"You're right, Woodley," he rejoined. "But where ought we to go?"

"Straight on for the ole mishun. Fust, let's restore these dear critters to their father an' their friends. But we mustn't go by the dereck trail as leads to it—cross the river, hyar."

"Why not?"

"Bekase they mout be the consarndest, crookedest way ye ked travel, and the most dangerous, too. It air evyding that's a good grist o' these sham Injuns about somewhar. The sign show that they're still on 'tother side. By crossing hyar we mout meet 'em in the teeth; an' jess as we air now that wudn't be to my likin', nor yours neyther, Charley Clancy."

"What do you say we should do, Woodley?"

"Wal, I've been thinkin' bout it, me an' Heywood. I reck' I've got a way that'll keep us clair o' encountring them. We needn't cross hyar at all. I know a trail that leads up this side the river to another fordin'-plase. It air above the ole mishun, an' will take us a good bit about—nigh on twenty mile. But it will be safe; I shed think perfectly safe. Wharever them wolves be now prowlin', they arn't like to take the upper crossin'; an' tharfor that won't be no fear o' our droppin' inter their jaws. I'm darnation sorry Jope's been so quick on the trigger an' killed that ugly cuss as tried to 'scape from us. Ef I hed him, wi' my knuckles pressin' ag'in' his thriapple,

I ked 'a' made him confess the hul thing. Only Ole Nick can draw any thin' out o' him now. For all that, I feel good as sure that Jim Borlasse, 'compañied by a goodish crowd, is on 'tother side the San Saba; an' we go that way ther'd be all sorts o' chance to drop inter their clutches, jest like a ripe apple from a tree. An' you, Charley Clancy, knows what that 'ud result in. The munchin' up o' them two critters, both on 'em sweet as pears and tender as persimmons at late fall-time."

Clancy, listening intently, needed no further argument to convince him. The thought of them encountering Borlasse and his band—of Helen Armstrong being again at the mercy of these prairie-pirates, more inhuman than the savages themselves—caused him to give assent to the backwoodsman's proposal.

They must depart from the place, and quickly. So the thing was decided.

There was no reason why all should return to the bivouac they had so abruptly abandoned. They were upon the trail Woodley intended taking. It was only necessary to bring up their animals; and for these Heywood, Harkness and Jupiter went back, leaving Clancy to talk to Helen, while Woodley, in his homely way, did all he could to interest her sister.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

ESTA'S MESSAGE.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AN April drizzle filled the air. The sidewalks were slippery, the crossings a terror to the few pedestrians obliged to be out in such forbidding weather.

Esta Weir glanced anxiously out, ever and anon. She had a bay-window to herself and the dainty willow-work-basket where filmy crochets and flossy embroideries were heaped against the crimson lining. She was half-hidden by a falling curtain from the room where two or three chattering girls were grouped around Mrs. Thorstadt's center-table, going into feminine ecstasies over the *melange* of fancy articles it upheld, all the work of their own fair fingers.

Carl Thorstadt lounged against the mantelpiece, watching his girlish sister-in-law and her young friends with a smile, half-pitying and half-amused. Then his eyes wandered to the quiet figure in the window-seat, the flash of the tiny gold thimble and flying white fingers scarcely interrupted as she turned now and then to the prospect without. A gloom of impatience clouded Carl's face, and he twisted his long fair mustache with savage inconsiderateness.

He crossed the room with a couple of the swinging strides peculiar to his tempestuous moods. He just touched the bit of work with which her hands were occupied, as he asked:

"What is it?—a sacrifice, a tribute under compulsion, or a sham?"

She looked up wonderingly, not comprehending his sarcastic tone.

"Not necessarily one of the three," she answered, quietly.

"You tell me so? Yet you have spent days over these *fol-de-rols*—with a contemptuous look at the basket!—after declining to take a part in the musical entertainment, though you said you would have enjoyed it dearly could you find the time for preparation. You have given double the needful time to this—is it not then a sacrifice? Perhaps you yielded to the arbitrary law which general custom has established; would not that be giving on compulsion? Or do you only lend your aid to keep up the glittering sham of public charity? It is fashionable, you know, and gains more credit than by following the ancient precept which teaches that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth. Oh, display, ostentation and hypocrisy! how I weary of having them flaunted in my face at every turn!"

"Then I suppose you will take no part in the charity," she said, quietly ignoring the accusations with which he had charged her.

"I have not intimated that. I don't even defend my own apparent inconsistency; I shall most probably attend the fair, share in the jam, and bear away my allotment of trumpery. Give me credit for frankness, but none for unselfish virtues."

Her clear eyes turned upon him reproachfully.

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity," she murmured. Carl heard her as he climbed upon the plate-glass window, and his lip curled sneeringly.

"Esta, have you finished?" called Mrs. Thorstadt from the opposite end of the room. "Our packages are all made up, and Patsy is waiting to take them to the vestry. She would have gone myself, but for this miserabile drizzle."

"I shall go with mine, notwithstanding I promised Mrs. Morrison that I would call on the way."

"Must you go, Esta?" Mrs. Thorstadt's face was troubled. "The streets are running with wet."

"I am not soluble," laughed Esta, as she folded up her completed work.

Carl faced around suddenly.

"You don't mean that you are actually going out?"

She nodded unconcernedly.

"Take me as a substitute. I'll promise to perform your errand faithfully."

She laughed outright.

"My lady patroness might object, Mr. Thorstadt. I must decline your kindness, with thanks."

He bowed very stiffly, and stalked out under the frescoed arch which protected the portal. Carl Thorstadt had set up a ridiculously perfect ideal of the woman he should some day love, and he was chafing now that he could not reconcile it with Esta's face.

He was waiting on the steps, an umbrella in hand, when she came out a little later.

"At least you will not refuse my escort," he said, extending his hand for her bundle.

A flush surged over her face and she hesitated, but only for an instant.

"I shall take a car," she said. "Don't trouble yourself, pray."

But he did trouble himself in a hurry, and none too soon at that. She slipped upon the damp, polished steps, and would have fallen headlong but for his outstretched arms. He made no attempt to take advantage of the *contretemps* and would have turned away when he placed her on her feet again, but she put forth a detaining hand which trembled slightly.

"I think I have sprained my ankle. Will you give me your arm back into the house?"

Without a word he took her up bodily and carried her back into the room they had left.

"Can I be of service to you now?" he asked, before giving place to the girls who crowded around.

"No more; but I fear that Patsy must take a second trip."

Carl turned away abruptly.

"Sheer perversity!" he muttered. "Any thing rather than accept a favor from me."

The sprain was a slight one, but sufficient to keep Esta within doors for a day or two. Carl studiously avoided her proximity, but haunted the house, unable to tear himself wholly out of her way. The good little sister-in-law, who had her own notions regarding the case, laid forcible hold of him one night when the girls were all out of the way, busy at the charity fair.

They must depart from the place, and quickly. So the thing was decided.

There was no reason why all should

return to the bivouac they had so abruptly abandoned. They were upon the trail Woodley intended taking. It was only necessary to bring up their animals; and for these Heywood, Harkness and Jupiter went back, leaving Clancy to talk to Helen, while Woodley, in his homely way, did all he could to interest her sister.

love, and again he was laughed at, and told that he must not mistake a woman's courtesy for love.

That night Lionel Harmon left the home of his boyhood, and a deep gloom fell upon the household.

Then it was that Ione Vivian felt the sin of her act toward the proud youth, whom she dearly loved; but, too late—he had gone, perhaps forever.

Months passed, and months made years, and yet no word from the voluntary exile, who had given up home and kindred for love.

Eugene Harmon had loved, and, loving, had sought the hand of Ione; but she had waited through the library window; a moment more, and leaping tongues of fire flicked the walls of the old mansion, and their loud and angry roar roused the inmates.

It was a quiet wedding, there in the ivy-grown castle, for General Harmon wished it so.

Never had he ceased to mourn his absent son, and while he knew not his fate, the father would not that the halls should resound with gayety.

Eugene Harmon had become a changed man, through his love for his beautiful wife; and Ione had drunk deep of the cup of bitterness, and a wiser and sadder woman, tried to do her duty toward her husband.

At length fair little baby-face smiled upon the mother, and in the care of her husband, the son was born. Roused from her sleep, the child Ione had wandered in fright down the long hallway, and the frantic parents could nowhere find her.

All were sleeping in the castle; the distant village spire had murmured the hour of midnight when a bright red flame flashed through the library window; a moment more, and leaping tongues of fire flicked the walls of the old mansion, and their loud and angry roar roused the inmates.

In a frenzy of distress they stood upon the mother, and in the care of her husband, the son was missing. Roused from her sleep, the child Ione had wandered in fright down the long hallway, and the frantic parents could nowhere find her.

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MY GIFT.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Heaven bless her little generous heart!
There's none so kind as she;
Truly, I think she only thought
It was good to me.
And show in kindly words and acts
What words can never tell;
We've known each other scarce a month,
And yet, she loves me well.

See what she sends to me to-day,
Wrought by her own fair hands—
A mitten which is just my size,
And which I never wear'd stran'd
Dear little soul, her only mate
Her zeal has overcom'd.
For, while she thought that she sent two,
She's sent me only one!

Bless her dear heart, how blank she'll feel
Whene'er she finds this out;
The tears in her eyes will steal—
Indeed, I have no doubt.
She'll never quite forgive herself
But I shall cheer her up and kiss
Her gentle tears away.

You follows suits and sleepy wink;
You're easions, I'll be;
You'd be too glad if such a gift
From such fair hands you'd get.
I would not yield it for a crown;
I'll keep it till I die,
To kiss it every day, and think
How fortunate am I!

Little Suriya.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE

NO. II.

The sun was high in the heavens, on the day after that when Don Manuel Almanza had rescued little Suriya from the brutality of Zadok, the beast-tamer. The ambassador was a bold man, and somewhat rash. He had gone out for a boar-hunt, and in the ardor of the chase had lost all his huntsmen and companions; so that he found himself, at mid-day, alone at the edge of a vast jungle, standing by his exhausted horse, above the carcass of a huge wild boar.

Almanza was unarmed, save for a spear; and for the first time it occurred to him that he might be in danger, ere he returned, from some of the numerous wild beasts that lay between him and the city, in the jungle. Where he was, he could not tell, for the chase had completely turned him round, but he knew that the sun was in the south, and the city in the west; wherefore he concluded that he must either cross the jungle, or skirt it, till he came to an open space. The natural impetuosity of his nature dictated the former course, and the reckless cavalier plunged into the jungle, by a sort of narrow path that was formed by the passage of wild beasts, for many centuries. It had one merit. It led in the right direction. Little did he know whose path it was.

Before Don Manuel entered the jungle, he cut off the scalp of the old boar as a trophy, and put it in his saddle-holsters, and then proceeded leisurely along, careless of the dangers he was ignorantly confronting.

The jungle was still as death, and the air seemed to quiver with heat. Not even the hum of an insect disturbed the silence of high noon, and the only living creatures he saw were a few gayly-mottled serpents, lying coiled in the open spaces, basking in the sun. The cavalier passed them unharmed, the sleepy influence of the day seeming to have quelled their malignity. One or two lifted their heads, and hissed languidly at him, but a quick, dexterous slash of the razor-like boar-spear, the head of which was flat and shaped like a laurel-leaf, cut the nearest one all to pieces, before it could spring; and Almanza passed on, deeper and deeper, into the jungle.

He walked slowly along the path, leading his tired and foam-covered horse, and the further he went, the wilder became the scenery, till at last the path abruptly ended in an open patch of *surup* grass, mingled with close patches of jungle, lying like islands in the long yellow grass, which was all fallen over from its own weight.

This character of country was particularly perplexing to the wanderer trying to find his way. Each jungle island looked just like the rest, and there was no path to guide one. The Portuguese cavalier stopped for a few moments to determine his true course, and then struck boldly out over the puzzling country, still leading his horse.

He had not gone very far, when he heard the hum of insects once more. It seemed to come from but a short distance off, behind one of the jungle islands. Almanza proceeded toward it, as it lay on his way, and became convinced that it must be the noise of flies above some carcass. But before he could see it plainly, he became sensible that his horse was acting strangely, and also of a peculiar odor, as though by any means of a decaying body.

It was a strong, musky odor, peculiar and sickening. It seemed to affect the horse strangely, for the creature backed on the bridle, and kept its glaring eyes riveted on the jungle island, behind which the buzz of insects was audible, snorting and trampling, and making a great noise.

Almanza knew what it was in a moment. It was the scent of a tiger. Brave as he was, he was yet not fool enough to stay where he was, with no better arms than a boar-spear. He hastened to mount his horse, but the animal backed away from him in terror, snorting and trampling, and making a great noise.

Almanza knew his danger now. He judged the tiger to be asleep by the remains of a half-devoured carcass, but he knew that the slumber would not last long. Nor did it. In a moment, as it seemed, he heard an angry roar, and a huge tiger charged out of the bushes, furious at the invasion of its kingdom, and flew at the cavalier.

It was now that Almanza's presence of mind stood him in good stead. He managed to keep his horse between him and the tiger, by a desperate effort, and the next minute the charger was borne to the earth by the enraged animal, while Almanza leaped back with presented spear, and was enabled to retreat slowly, the tiger seeming contented with one prey, as long as it was undisturbed at that. Almanza slowly backed away out of distance, his eyes riveted on the tiger. At first he noticed nothing particular in the creature, but after a little, as he got out of danger, he uttered a low exclamation of wonder.

The tiger had a broad collar on its neck!

"It is Suriya's tiger!" he murmured to himself. "The man expected me to get that creature back."

It was indeed the truant Kuzbash, who,

having had one meal, was now making another, with great relish, on the unfortunate horse, growling at the cavalier, who slowly fell back. Almanza made the best of his way westward, toward Goa, which he found was not far off. The very next rise he surmounted brought him in sight of its domes, but also in sight of something else that stirred his blood still more. It was the slight, graceful form of little Suriya coming up the swell toward him, all alone.

Almanza halted, and the girl approached him. She exhibited no surprise, but seemed oppressed with some secret grief.

"Where goes thou, Suriya?" demanded the cavalier, hurriedly. "No further this way, for Heaven's sake. A tiger has just attacked me, and slain my horse. 'Twas

Suriya started, and clasped her hands.

"Oh! tell me, my lord, was it Kuzbash? He had a collar on, my lord, and I dare not go back without him. He is the only creature that I can control, for I brought him up from a cub. The rest are only kept under by the whip. Zadok has threatened to let them all out, if I come back without Kuzbash. He says, since he can not strike me, they shall do it, and he will proclaim it an accident. Oh! my lord, was it a wild tiger, or Kuzbash, that you saw?"

"It was Kuzbash," he answered. "But, remember, he has tasted blood. You can not go nigh him safely."

"Oh! yes, I can, my lord. Kuzbash knows me well. He was angry with Zadok last night, and broke from me to attack him. Zadok kept him off, till he could lock himself in, but then Kuzbash fled to the jungle, and Zadok beat me, as you saw. I must go, indeed, my lord."

"Then I go with thee," said Almanza, firmly; and the two started on their perilous errand after the truant tiger.

It was easy enough to find him. Kuzbash was enjoying his meal upon horseflesh with great satisfaction, and so far filled, that he regarded them as they came up without any particular menace, beyond a low grumble at Almanza.

"Let him eat," said Suriya, softly. "He will come to me when I call him, presently." And so it proved. The girl held out her

hand, and called the tiger, when it had stopped eating and looked lazily round.

The glutted animal came quietly up, and rubbed against its mistress, who patted and fondled it; and it even allowed the Portuguese cavalier to lay his hand on its head.

Then the strange trio took their way back to the city.

At evening of that day, Zadok came home, sulken and ferocious as usual. His savage temper was further inflamed by drink, for Zadok was no Moslem. He entered the desolate hut, and the first person he saw was little Suriya, seated on a chair, in front of the heap of mats that formed her couch. He glanced round the room. Kuzbash was nowhere to be seen. The tiger's empty chain hung from the staple where it was usually fastened.

Zadok grinned as bad as one of his own tigers.

"So, fool!" he said, in a low, grating tone. "I warned thee not to come back without my tiger. Thy blood be on thine own head."

"Where are you going, Zadok?" she asked, as the beast-tamer made a step toward the back-yard.

"To let out *Burrhea*," he answered. "The beast's hungry. You'll make him a meal."

"Zadok," said the girl, firmly, "be warned! My lord told me last night to protect myself, if you tried to harm me."

"Protect thyself, then," he said, sneeringly, as he opened the door.

"I will," she said, suddenly starting up. "At him, Kuzbash!"

There was a fearful roar, answered from every cage in the yard, as Kuzbash leaped forth from the coverlets that had hitherto concealed him. Zadok uttered a yell of terror and sprang toward where his whip hung.

But, before he could reach it, Kuzbash had avenged himself and his mistress. With one blow of his heavy paw he stretched Zadok upon the floor, just as the Portuguese ambassador, with a crowd of guards, headed by the Maharajah himself, appeared at the doorway from the back-yard, where they had been in waiting.

"So dies a traitor," said the Maharajah, calmly. "Suriya, our police have discovered thy parentage. Thou art our own daughter, stolen while an infant by yonder villain, when the nurse was slain by one of his tigers. We have found the proofs, hidden in his money-chest. Bless thee, my daughter."

Suriya said nothing to her father, but glanced timidly at Almanza.

"My lord," she said, "this is thy doing." And Almanza smiled.

THOMAS WALKER's tomahawk and powder-horn have been found in Kentucky. Walker was Boone's predecessor on the "bloody ground."

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old John's Story.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

We left San Antonio at daylight, and striking the great Western road leading toward the Mexican border, pushed ahead rapidly, determined to make the most of it while our cattle were fresh.

We were bent upon a mission of much importance to the outlying settlements, and as time was, as I have intimated, of the greatest importance, we did not draw rein for camp until a late hour in the night.

The place selected was an isolated clump of live-oak hard by a little stream of water, with plenty of grass. A little southward of the timber there rose from the level bosom of the prairie one of those singular natural formations, sometimes, but very rarely, met with in these regions. A large boulder, rugged and perfectly bare of all verdure, around whose base had sprung up, for a distance of twenty feet in every direction, quite a thicket of mezquitz bushes.

"I have good reason to remember this spot," said Old John, as we lay out on the grass in the open after "supper."

"Well, durn me if I don't b'leve yer remembers somethin' about every place this side uv the Rockies," said an old ranger.

"Yes, Ben, I do know a good many places," replied Old John, after the laugh had subsided. "But, this one in particular, maybe because there was a pretty woman connected with the adventure."

"A gal, eh? I see!" said Ben, facing around.

"Yes; and as pretty and brave a 'gal' too, as you'd want to see. But I'll tell you, if you all like, how it was."

"It was during our war with the Greasers, and just before the affair at the Alamo, when night overtook me, some ten or fifteen miles off yonder to the north."

"Travis had sent word that he wanted reinforcements at San Antonio, and the Old Man had sent me down to tell him to hold

"But that wasn't all. Dark as it was I could see that the woman's dress was such as is only worn by the very highest class among the Mexicans, and that she wore no covering on her head, just as though she had stepped out of the house for an evening walk."

"At that time there were several large *haciendas*, owned by rich old dons somewhere between that and the Rio Grande, but I knew there was none within a day's journey of where we were."

"But I wasn't long in ignorance."

"The voice of the woman, who was speaking, was excited and clearly showed anger. She was upbraiding the—"

"Doin' what?" suddenly asked old Ben.

"Raising a devil of a row with the fellow, abusing him and the like, and pretty soon I learned the reason of it."

"It seemed that the Greaser was her cousin, and head over ears in love with her, while she liked somebody else better, and was about to marry him; but he blocked the game by carrying her off that day and bringing her out here to make her come to terms."

"He was an officer in the service, and his men were there down by yonder rock, sitting in their saddles, waiting the movements of their commander."

"This much I learned from their talk, and from the very first I had made up my mind that I'd block his game."

"Sartin!" grunted Ben, who was the privileged speaker.

"The Mexican girl was game, and the way she pitched into the Greaser was a caution, but the fellow only laughed at her, and finally got mad himself."

"I saw things were coming to a focus—"

"Oh, durn it; cap'n, talk so's a feller kin understand you!" again interrupted Ben, petulantly.

"To a point, to a head, Ben," said Old John, good-naturedly, "and so I got ready to play my little game."

"All at once the Greaser seized the girl by the wrists, at which she uttered a loud scream and struggled to break away, while at the same moment I sprang up right in front of them, and, before the fellow knew whether I was a ghost or what, I let him

she suddenly called, her voice rising full and clear on the still night air.

"For a moment a profound silence followed the call, and then a sudden commotion, a loud, shrill neigh, a shout, and, like a flash of light, the white steed bore down to where he had heard the well-known voice.

"Even before the Mexicans knew what was up, the horse was at our side, and, in another moment, I was in the saddle, with the young girl seated safely behind me."

"That closed the exciting part of the adventure, for there was no horse in the Mexican troop that could overtake the white, even at a canter."

"We made for San Antonio, where I delivered my charge into safer hands to be returned home; managed to see Travis and deliver the old man's message, and then, with the white horse between my thighs, a present from the señora, I put back to rejoin the army."

"So, you see, boys, I have good reason to remember this place."

"Dang my ole leathers of yur hain't!"

she said Ben.

Short Stories from History.

Indian Ingenuity.—Mr. Hearne, in his journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, quotes a narrative of the adventures of a poor Indian woman that his party met with in the course of their route. One day in January, when they were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language they carried her with them to their tents. On examination she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscov Indians, in the summer of 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had escaped from them with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which she was found to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moon past since her escape, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered and was in good health and condition, and one of the finest Indian women in North America.

The methods practiced by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the few deer-sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place, but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The animals which she caught in those snares not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much further, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals the poor woman had with her when she closed; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other material for that purpose than two hard siliceous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which, at length, communicated to some touchwood; but, as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of the party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling, by near half a score different men the same evening.

When the Athapuscov Indians took this Indian woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed were her father, mother and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took it with her, undiscovered, in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscov Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant), they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women